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upon corporations. My bag has been stolen, waits a passenger to a railroad detective. Say no more, is the reply, your wife can get another just as good the next time she makes a trip. If his wrongs are to be avenged by his wife, mere man will become merer and merer. And women would never be able to recover all the lost pennies from the subway gum machines because men are always in front of the mirror, adjusting cravats.

There is also a considerable number of people who would like to know how Mrs. Brady did it.

Egg Transportation Beyond the Power of an Embargo.

Whoever is interested in Brooklyn eggs and spirits (and who is not?) will delight with us in an account of what is described as a remarkable phenomenon. It comes to The Sun from the Melbourne, Australia, *Harbinger of Light*, a journal of psychology, occultism and spiritual philosophy. The *Harbinger* got it from the *International Psychic Gazette*, an English publication in whose pages the account appeared as from the pen of a Mr. HORACE LEAF. Mr. LEAF in turn credits it to the records of one who was known as "General Loarson," a gentleman "holding a high rank in the British army." This "General Loarson," it appears, was one of a group of three persons called the Trinity Circle, the two others being "a wonderful apothecary of the south of England and her husband." The name Trinity Circle was given to the group by the spirits who worked with them.

To this group came within one year "over a thousand apparitions," tangible evidences of the power and generosity of the spirit world: vases from the East, a dagger made of Chinese coins, worn grass and a carved box 22 inches square. But even the circumstance of the dagger's arrival, the loose coins being "tied together by unseen hands in the presence of the sitters," does not bring the thrill that comes with the story of the adventure of the Brooklyn eggs.

The Trinity Circle was only one of a number of groups, scattered about the world—Melbourne, Spain, India, Syria, China, Brooklyn. They sat always at the same hour, controlled by the same spirit band. "The Brooklyn medium," says Mr. LEAF, "was a gentleman of remarkable power, well cultured and rich. It was he who used to select the eggs for transmission." If you consider the word "rich" superfluous, remember that eggs may have been cheaper then than they are now. But "General Loarson" appreciated them, for he wrote:

"I get as many eggs as we need in this house regularly each week. We have not bought a single egg for several months past. My cook has got so accustomed to find her week's supply in the dining room on Monday morning that if she missed them any morning she would think something had gone wrong. I put my hat up in a corner of the room before a seance begins, and always find from one to two dozen eggs in it at the close. They are a present from the Brooklyn medium and come from his own hen house."

One morning there was dismay in the General's menage. Three spate eggs were found. That very night the Trinity Circle demanded an explanation from the spirit control. The control laughed. He said it came "from trying to do more than one knew how." The rich Brooklynite was in the habit of collecting the eggs in person. On the night in question, being indisposed, he left that important task to the control and that personage, as the General calls him, took the first eggs to hand, including three nest eggs! So one point is established: that a spirit control, when it comes to collecting eggs, has no supernatural powers of candling; he would take rots and spots for nearly henny selected.

In what year the eggs made their wonderful trip from Brooklyn to the south of England we do not know. The narrative adds that the Brooklyn medium sent, too, apples from his garden; so perhaps it was a long time ago. In Flatbush, maybe, some garage sits where once was the henhouse and the furtive stamps of the dead roosters of the Baldwin tree and cannot break their sleep. And if the generous man still lives and has eggs he probably sends gold or rubies in their stead to the circle across the sea.

Plays and Geography.

The metropolitan managers who always bring their wares to market with an eye on the cities outside New York as a possible field for future profits have had some puzzling experiences during the present season. They have lived to see some of the properties which they had considered most valuable in that outlying and profitable region known as "the road" rejected without a hearing. In other words several plays which had been acted with profit during long periods here failed altogether to interest the public in other cities. The most pathetic feature of this feast of hopes disappointed was the indifference to the quality of the plays. Audiences never even gathered to see what they were like.

Nothing is more discouraging to the manager than this preconceived prejudice, which keeps the public away from the theatre. What its state of mind may be concerning the play interests the manager less when the cost of admission was a condition precedent to the formation of a judgment. But to make up its mind without the ceremony of buying a ticket is the cruellest form that public indifference can take.

As there has been found to be a common quality to the plays which failed to meet with the same success on their travels that they found here,

there has come into the theatre manager's philosophy a new theory. Theories, it might be explained, already abound in his world. There are theories to explain everything from the failure of one fellow's play to the success of the other's. The latest in this number of theories is meant to explain why the plays which were so successful here last winter should have been so indifferently received on their travels that they were brought home after a brief trial.

This quality common to all these plays that met with success here, but not elsewhere, made them dramas of a kind that could be safely visited in New York by strangers who would never have admitted at home that they had seen such a piece. They were all, in other words, more or less piquant and more or less of the kind to be taken as a part of a visit to a wicked but instructive metropolis. But attendance upon them was never to be thought of at home.

The American managers are not alone in the necessity of facing this difficulty. Paris used to supply the world with plays, if not in their original form at least in adaptation. So local has the interest of the present generation of Paris playwrights become, however, that it is said their works are no longer understood at Versailles. Thus has the difficult task of the successful theatre manager taken on new hardships. How to please New York and Kookuk in the same degree with the same play is as much of a problem as it ever was.

The Singers of Seals.

A hundred years ago JOHN CUNWEN was born, and in consequence there is now in progress among some music lovers a celebration of the centenary of the Tonic Sol-fa. This is truthfully described as "one of the most British things in music." It is directly responsible for the young woman in the New York apartment house who sings scales when you are trying to get to sleep.

"Do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do," she carols. You reply with a curse such as WAGNER bestowed upon the gold in the cool green depths of the river Rhine. You toss about and wonder if she is singing Volapuk. She is not. The prime responsibility for her misdeed must be sought some way back in musical history.

Long ago there was a man named Gruppo of Arezzo. He divided the scale into groups of six notes. It happened that there was a hymn to St. John which ran as follows:

"Ut queant laxis,
Resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum
Famuli tuorum,
Solve polluti
Labi reatum,
Sancte Iohannes."

The first syllable of each line began a note higher than the one before. These syllables were seized upon as names for the notes. Later the seven note scale was introduced and the seventh note was christened "si." "Ut" was renamed "do." So we came to have the scale the young woman sings so persistently.

Now the Tonic Sol-fa is nothing but an adaptation of this scale intended to make it easy for ordinary persons to sing music at sight. SARAH ANN GROVER and the JOHN CUNWEN are responsible for it. They saw fit to write "do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do." They wrote out tunes on a single line; "d, r, m" meant "do, re, mi," "d, r, m" meant "do, re, mi" sharp and "dk" with a flat mark over the vowel letter "d" meant "do" sharp and "dk" was "do" flat. It would have been possible to write music on a typewriter had there been any at that time. A mathematical aspect was imparted to the business by putting exponents on notes which introduced a modulation. Thus "d2" signified that the tone which had been "do" was henceforth, for a space, to pose as "do2."

Various punctuation marks and spaces indicated rhythm and accents. The whole resembled closely Esperanto written in the secret cipher of the Manchu dynasty.

But it is perfectly intelligible to the initiated. CUNWEN and others thought that the notation would displace all other forms of writing music. They might as well have hoped that some artificial tongue would displace the rich and inexhaustible English language evolved by many generations of mankind. Tonic Sol-fa has its little field of limited usefulness. It may help the young woman to get through with her scales and to sing a tune correctly. But think of the numbers of persons who ought never to sing and who will be led to try by the invention of the Tonic Sol-fa! The celebration of JOHN CUNWEN's centenary cannot become general.

Dr. Muensterberg.

Dr. HUGO MUNSTERBERG, whose sudden death occurred yesterday at Cambridge, was one of the most brilliant scholars that Germany has sent to this country. Coming to Harvard in 1892 after a short service at the University of Freiburg in southern Germany, the greater part of his career as a psychologist, teacher and author has been made in this country.

His death removes one of the most talented of the defenders of his Fatherland. With German ideals and thoughts he has shown a loyal sympathy. He spoke and wrote strongly in defence of Germany's course in the war, of the Kaiser's actions, and he held England in a large degree responsible for the war by fostering race hatred in France and Russia. His utterances often brought him into direct conflict with public opinion in this country, and his pre-german expressions subjected him to severe criticism by the faculty and alumni of Harvard. Professor HUGO MUNSTERBERG's defence of his Fatherland was scarcely productive of more friends for Germany than were the early efforts of the professors of the great German universities. He will be more favorably remembered for his attempts to make studies in psychology popular and by his ability as a teacher and author.

Ultimate Tom.

The Hon. THOMAS M. MARSHALL of Indiana and Washington has tackled the high cost of living and solved its problems. He will abolish the middleman, dissolve the State created corporations and move the population from New York to the Arizona lettuce fields and the Georgia peach orchards. To another the difficulties in the way of such a readjustment of affairs might be discouraging; not so to Mr. MARSHALL.

"For the Government is the source of ultimate power, and it can act and will act."

The Vice-President is too modest. Knowledge is power; he is the principal reservoir of knowledge. From him, more ultimate than the ultimate itself, the all saving might of all governments consequently derives; how blessed the nation that has him uninterrupted on tap!

Germany made war on her own terms but cannot make peace in the same way.

It seems to be increasingly evident that King Alcohol will not have a seat at the council table at which the future of the world is to be decided.

It can be said of the author of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," who died last week, that he wrote the most inspiring song of his day. "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night," he wrote, "is a song of hope, of courage, of faith, of love, of peace, of unity, of brotherhood, of the best that is in us, of the best that is in the world, of the best that is in the universe."

The plentifulness of venison in bluest Oregon is cutting down the cost of meals. In these parts with a view to economy canvasbacks instead of pork and terrapin instead of potatoes might be substituted.

Limited disarmament would certainly be effective in the maintenance of peace if it were accompanied by limited ambitions.

All of Germany's innumerable diplomatic blunders have been due to the fact that she has persistently failed to understand the psychology of neutrals.

The price of eggs has reached the dignity of a proclamation in Hudson N. Y., where the Mayor has issued an official document requesting citizens not to eat any eggs owing to high prices over here in Berkeley people have shut down on eggs of their own accord without being told.—The Berkeley Courier.

A strangely unprogressive, old-fashioned folk, these dwellers in the hills of Massachusetts. They act as though they believed they were able to mind their own business, yet their own tables and administer their own estates without the intervention of official authority.

Whatever may be the truth about Germany's peace proposition, it is a fact that the German crown prince continues to be an exhibition of dynastic weakness.

In assuring the United States that he's going to swear off, turn over a new leaf and lead an upright and worthy life, Prince Christian has taken a hint from certain European strategists who inform the world that they are perpetrating barbaric outrages only from the highest humanitarian motives.

The recent break in the stock market may make a few lambs available for Commissioner Fernandez's army.

Remember, impatient citizen, that this, in Chicago, would be typical May weather.

THE URN ON GRACE CHURCH LAWN.

To the news that Grace Church has been weatherproofed that it may delight future generations there is a little pendant which reads:

An amphora of Pompeii, urn, about 3,000 years old, excavated some years ago and one of the four now in existence, is set on the lawn in front of the church.

The urn, we are told, has been proofed against the New York climate along with the church.

But is it an amphora? Fremont Rider's newly issued "New York City," a volume rivaling Baedeker's best, calls it a dolia designed to hold grain and excavated at Rome. The sound much more reasonable. A dolia would be a little dolum, and a dolum was a large earthenware jar big enough to hold a man.

This recalls the notion of a writer of romantic and exciting stories whose imagination was fired by a contemplation of the Grace Church urn. He wanted to write a story (maybe he has done it by this time) of a daring thief who should break into the vault of a bank, be chased and fired upon, elude his hunters and take refuge in the churchyard at Grace Church. The very unlikelyness of his hiding place was to prove a sufficient safeguard. The daylight would come, and soon Broadway would be roaring with traffic, yet the thief with his pockets full of treasure must crouch in the sun heated urn for four or five hours till the sun went down.

Our friend the romancer was probably not aware that his idea was not wholly original. No less a person than Diogenes dwelt in a vase like that at hour on hour till the sun went down. The tradition had Diogenes living in a tub, but it was a dolium that he inhabited. Some ancient pictures show him lying in his mammoth vase while exhorting Alexander the Great to "stand from between me and the sun."

A Long Dry Road.

From the Christian Herald.
After January 1, with prohibitive laws going into effect in Virginia and Georgia, the autumn route from Washington to Jacksonville, Fla., will be wholly through prohibition territory.

THE WINKLEHAWK.

I am the torn piece in an overcoat—a ruinous mean little tear, an angular discontinuity of continuity. I am a winklehawk.

A winklehawk is a thing of interest to the makers and wearers of clothes; material especially for the metaphysicians. Is a hole a thing?

The coat is an overcoat, a proud and distinguished garment. Before I began, it was; and had it never been, what were I? Before it attained contour, it was; and had it never been, what were I? Before it attained contour, it was; and had it never been, what were I? Before it attained contour, it was; and had it never been, what were I?

Now that the coat has a tear in it—just say: since the clothes surgeon's scissors have taken a hole in the coat, a winklehawk still exists? I am, ergo, still there! There is plenty of wear left in the coat, but it will no longer do for its first owner.

But to my story: We were on our way home after a pretty bad day in the city, when up there came a poor shivering man, and he said to me, "I'm dodged and we dodged—but a cruel corner of the tin caught in the goods, and—I came into visible being!"

The coat man was angry. The tin man was scared. My man was eloquent, too; unquietly. His quick words were sharper than the tin. They made a worse gash in the tin carrier than the tin had made in the coat. And I am no negligibility of a winklehawk either!

Nobody carries shafts of tin in the street for fun!

But that man's fault. It was not my man's fault. It was the fault of a little mischievous breeze that caught the coat skirt, blew it out, and pressed it firmly against the sharp corner of the tin.

Well, my man said to his wife that evening, "I'm dodged and we dodged—but a cruel corner of the tin caught in the goods, and—I came into visible being!"

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IS PLATO A DEAD ONE?

Mrs. Atherton Arouses Highbrows as to the Durability of Fame.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Is fame but a bubble, a something that has behind it only a belief, an opinion of the time and that will not endure? One would think so after reading Gertrude Atherton's recent criticism in The Sun, "My grandfather," said she, "had an old library inherited from his father and crammed with such airy notions as Hume, Thiers, Rollin, Plato, Herodotus, Xenophon, Thucydides—to mention but a few I can recall offhand."

Many readers who have a favorite among the old authors mentioned will feel surprised and pained at Mrs. Atherton's iconoclastic thrust. But is Mrs. Atherton correct in her opinion? I always have believed that there is something dangerous